

René Lévesque:

'The smell of corruption' to doom Liberal victory

By Michael Lewis

Claiming that an independent Quebec "would not be the evil the Liberals make it out to be", Parti Québécois leader René Lévesque confidently predicted a provincial election before the end of the year.

Speaking yesterday to an anglophone audience at the Sir George campus of Concordia University, Lévesque dwelt on Premier Bourassa's shortcomings. His condemnation of the Liberal regime in Quebec City was preluded by an account of recent desertions from the Bourassa cabinet. In his words, Bourassa has "ministers ram-paging all over the place" while "other ministers are leaving", suggesting that the people of Quebec were "fed up" with the Liberal government. Lévesque cited the examples of Guy St. Pierre and François Cloutier who is now working at "a sort of Quebec embassy" in Paris.

Lévesque quoted Cloutier as having said that "he would not mind" working under a PQ government, but added that "We would rather keep him in Paris."

Illich: pain management leads to techno-fascism

By Ross Morrison
and Lorraine Clark

Ivan Illich, renowned intellectual and author of *Deschooling Society* and several other books, called for a re-examination of modern concepts of pain and suffering in a lecture to some 1,500 people in Leacock 132 yesterday.

After opening with an informal question period to gather discussion topics, Illich proceeded to discuss "the art of living". He began by defining health as "the intensity with which an organism is able to cope" with internal and environmental states.

He explained that the "intensity of coping implies the art of living," which is composed of both the "art of enjoying" and the "art of suffering". According to Illich, "Suffering is culturally determined", and every culture has various mechanisms available to acquire skill in the art of suffering.

Illich viewed the growth of medical institutions as indicative of a trend toward "the

In contrast to his stand last year when banking institutions were to be attacked following the accession of the PQ to power, Lévesque said yesterday that a massive policy of decentralization would immediately follow a PQ victory. "We want to decentralize as quickly and massively as possible" he said.

There was no end to the invective with which Lévesque inveighed "the dense, scandal-ridden, obtuse leftover of a party" now installed in Quebec. Quipping that corruption in the higher echelons of the provincial administration was greater than that which permeated Duplessis' Union Nationale government, Lévesque said that such blatant corruption naturally led to "mismanagement" in government. He went on to say that Liberal incompetence was obvious "even in the traditionally Liberal stronghold of English Montreal".

In his opinion, an early election was the only prudent political manoeuvre left for the Liberals because, "If they jump fast, they can cut their losses". Lévesque, however, emphasized that such strategy would

make little difference in the long run as the "deep smell of corruption" too critically tainted another Liberal victory. "We end up after six years with the Bourassa government in August with 9.4 percent unemployment...something we've never had since pre-war years".

Lévesque also pointed to the growing disenchantment of the country with the Liberal regime now sovereign in Ottawa. He said that people were becoming "fed up" to the extent that "they'll even take Joe Clark" continued on page 9

Benny Farm tenants oppose eviction demand

By Sandra Bye

Montreal's housing crisis was the issue that repeatedly came up at last night's meeting of the NDG Action Committee. Senior citizens and low-income Corporation administers the exorbitant rents and lack of necessary repairs. But the most

pressing problem is that there is a lack of housing facilities to meet the public demand.

A representative of the Benny Farm Tenants' Association attended the meeting to refute accusations by a disgruntled war veteran, Peter Whitehouse, that there are too many non-veterans in the Benny Farm project at the expense of those veterans who are authentically eligible to live there.

The Tenants' Association charges that Whitehouse is threatening to have these "illegal" occupants evicted, and that he has even gone to the trouble of knocking on individual doors to seek out non-veterans.

"The Benny Farm Tenants' Association is sick of being

failings of CMHC," the representative said.

(Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation administers the project, which was built by the federal government for war veterans in 1946.)

The representative explained that the nonveterans who are now living in the project were accepted in the 1960s when there was no veteran demand for housing. But the housing crisis of the 1970s has produced a flood of applications from veterans who can't find housing at rents they can afford. The Benny Farm group maintains that it has always held that veterans should have priority access to veterans' housing.

He explained that CMHC has a points system to determine eligibility of applicants. Disabled veterans and those with dependents have more chance of getting into Benny Farm. There is at present a waiting list of 250.

Whitehouse's public denunciation of the Association in letters to the *Montreal Star* has prompted the Quebec Command of the Royal Canadian Legion to join with CMHC in an investigation of the Benny Farm issue.

continued on page 9

Editorial Meeting

Meeting of the Daily Editorial Board today at 6 pm in the Daily office. Any member of the staff is invited to attend.



Can René Lévesque overcome tired blood and the triple cross of James Bay, Le Jour and Jean Guy Cardinal in time for his final confrontation with Bob the Job? Tune in this November for the next exciting episode.



Ivan Illich illustrates his theory of suffering to an interested audience. A good time was had by all.

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an international college fraternity with 141 active chapters in 43 states and 5 Canadian provinces, wishes to re-establish a fraternity house at McGill. Goal: Reactivate Quebec Alpha Chapter within 2 years. Positive alumni support will include financial assistance and active colony advisors. We seek a group of young men in U.I. with common ideals towards a balance of academic excellence, campus leadership, athletics, friendship and social activities. To attend an information smoker on campus (with suitable refreshments) to be held on Thursday, October 7th at 5:30 p.m., please contact:

Colin MacKinnon 284-6513

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between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Radio McGill CFRM

Radio McGill is trying to find out what you the listener want to hear.

Questionnaires have been posted in the University Centre, Leacock, Redpath Lounge and Bronfman Management to give you a chance to choose the music that you want to hear. Please take a minute of time to fill one out.

Thank you,
Radio Management



Eva Friede

Lunatics at Lunch

It's been said that artists are a driven breed, suffering from varying degrees of insanity, who find refuge from the madness of life in their work. If Jean Anouilh's "Episode in the Life of an Author" is at all typical of what an author must endure in the course of his existence; one need hardly ask what drives him to write.

The play, currently being performed by the McGill Players, is a comedy of chaos, which maintains its humour as long as the viewer keeps in mind the entire mess isn't happening to him.

The protagonist of the piece, logically enough, is an author, who finds himself entangled with a most bizarre assortment of characters, ranging from an impassioned Rumanian journalist who asks questions about the soul and stays at the Ritz-Carlton, to a plumber equipped with a multi-colored umbrella, but little else, who pokes around for leaks. There are, also as well the chicly temperamental wife who suspects adultery and much worse from her writer-husband, an over-bearing mother who dresses the way only a mother can, a perpetually sobbing maid, and a neurotic woman who sits in the bathtub all day, trying to contact her first husband, Leon. Add to this a few other, equally unique individuals and you have the makings for some potent interaction.

To witness such an assemblage of people on a single stage can be

exhausting if one has a low tolerance for anything irrational or nonsensical. If you don't, then there's the likely possibility you will find the whole affair very amusing. The success of the project truly lays with all involved, for to coordinate anything as wild as this and

present it in a coherent fashion requires much cooperation and skill. Claire Hopkinson, who directed the piece, moves her actors about the stage with great competence, maintaining the rhythm and balance which gives the work its vitality.

Working as an ensemble, the actors seemed to derive much pleasure from their playing. Though each member of the cast acted well, I found the performances of Stephanie Fortune as the wife, Ardele, and Wendy Matthews as the Rumanian journalist Madame Bessarabo, especially appealing. Ivan Smith, who plays our tormented hero, must also be commended for conveying the vulnerability of the author in a very human way. It is his role, as the victimized individual, whose privacy and well-being are constantly being intruded upon, with which we can most relate.

The play is running every day until Friday and starts at 1 pm at the Players' Theatre, which is located on the third floor of the Union. Admission is free, so give it a look and then reconsider all you've ever thought about those crazy-artist types.

— Frank Funaro

Rocking at Rockhead's

OK, it's Saturday night, or maybe even Tuesday night, and you're up for doing something different, the thought of going to the bar, or to the flicks, just doesn't thrill you, and you're not feeling desperate enough to check out a residence party. If you have some energy and are willing to take my advice...

Check out Rockhead's Paradise. I hesitate to tell you too much about Rockhead's; it's actually preferable that you just get yourself over to 1252 Ste. Antoine W. and let it happen. But since there's no reason for you to blindly follow my recommendation (who is this, anyway?) I will proceed to give you an idea of what this Paradise is all about. If you're looking for a really swank place, filled with high-fashion people, let me gently dissuade you: Rockhead's outer appearance is an example of good things coming in ugly packages. There's a bar downstairs which I hear has good jazz, but I appeal to you—don't be sidetracked, climb right on up the stairs.

To console you after taking the inevitable admission charge (\$2.00 on weekdays, \$2.50 or \$3.00 on weekends), — Mr. Rockhead, the charming, elderly proprietor, shakes your hand, and welcomes you, giving a carnation to all the women. (Sorry men, someone thinks you wouldn't appreciate receiving a flower.) A little money in the right direction can get you a table close to the stage; you can decide if it's worth it to you. The group, which gives three shows

nightly (10:45 pm, 12:15 pm, and 1:45 am) is usually imported from the States (I apologize, but they are good.) for a two week gig. It's a rhythm and blues—motown—disco sound: a 5 or 6 piece band and 4 or 5 singer-dancers.

Prepare to be thoroughly entertained. The show derives its bewitching power from its tight combination of energy, melody, and a rhythm that flirts with being erotic. The singers of "Velvet Fire", from Baltimore, Maryland, which we saw three weeks ago, were a captivating sight. They work smoothly together, communicating in a relaxed and joking manner, and reaching out to joke with us, the eager spectators. They sang beautiful harmonies, did great talking blues, and packed many surprises, one of which was the bass singer, whose versatility provided not only a beautifully deep and rich bass voice, but an equally fine and appealing falsetto. Their dancing, although obviously studied, looked natural and easy, and was rhythmic and well choreographed. At times their choreography mimicked the action expressed in the lyrics, playing with the lighter side of the heartaches of love. I must confess that I was so engrossed by the movement on stage that to me the band played second fiddle.

But you really appreciate their motown-disco sound when you become
continued on page ten...

Kinflicks

It's very easy to call a book "engrossing", which is probably why that word appears so often on the backs of book jackets. And it's easy to find any book engrossing after a week in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, a.k.a. *Comparative Religions: An Anthropological Approach*. But this long novel (500 pages) did keep me up all night. Which just shows you how exciting my life is. Now that we've cleverly established that the book is interesting, even to an Evelyn Wood reject like me, time to get to the book.

In her novel, *Kinflicks*, Lisa Alther examines the roles played by women in society by chronicling the volatile life of Ginny Babcock Bliss; tomboy, highschool flag-twirler, collegiate (in its most derogatory sense), lesbian, social reformer, back-to-the earth (Soybeaner, as Alther puts it), Tupperware-and-Polyester wife, mother, unconsummated adulteress, and unsuccessful suicide.

Alther seems to have covered all the bases; this catch-all effect is the book's major virtue and vice. By compacting most of the characteristic roles of the "New Woman" into one character, Alther is able to generally examine a woman's relation to society and to herself. She shows how these various characters have grown out of women's need to attempt self-definition. (Ginny flails out wildly, trying to answer the essential questions, "Who am I: where do I fit in?")

In her examination of so many roles, the author sometimes fails to create
continued on page ten...



Midnight



Rambling



Photos by Carla Lesne

Midnight Rambling

"Hey man, Whatcha wanna do this weekend?"

"Well like I thought I'd go to the Film Society Flick. They got 'If' with that Clockwork Orange guy Friday, and then they got Nashville Saturday; you know, The Robert Altman Film."

"Yeah but after the movie."

"Well I guess I'll go out drinking."

"Yeah but we did that last weekend."

"Yeah and the weekend before."

"Yeah and . . ."

"Yeah I think my liver's giving out."

"Yeah my kidneys are starting to, you know . . ."

"Well whatta yawanna do?"

"I dunno. I guess I'll go home and study."

"Wow. You poor kid . . ."

DOES THIS SOUND LIKE YOU???

Well, if it does, you may have hit the weekend doldrums. But if you like music, here are three places you can check out.

The Rising Sun. This club was reviewed last week, so I'd just like to write about the group that was playing last weekend, **Citizen's Band**, because they may be around the city from time to time. **Citizen's Band**, a six-man band from Vermont, performs within a three-hundred mile radius, from Boston to Montreal. Their show at the Rising Sun was their second venue into Canada, but they hope to perform here more often.

When asked how he would classify their music within the vast range of jazz, drummer Greg Nolan said that the band was "unlabelable"; when asked to be a little more specific, he declared, "We are a funk-jazz fusion band with Afro-Latin roots." The term fusion is especially appropriate, considering the backgrounds of the six members. The guitarist, Jerry Levine, has been playing since the 1950s. He started in a rock-and-roll band, as did Greg Nolan, who started playing in the nineteen-seventies. Saxophonist and clarinetist Dave Stamegna attended music school for four years, and, as Nolan says, "he plays these really incredible riffs, but he doesn't know it. He keeps worrying about getting all the notes in." Conga player and percussionist Frank Espinet comes from New York, from a heritage of Latin and Chicano music. And Andy Fee, bassist (no relation to Wayne, lead singer of the Tubes) comes from Mars. The successful combination of these assorted styles contribute greatly to their style.

All six musicians live in a house "way out in the boonies" of Bristol, Vermont. They have all played with other groups for five to six years, but assembled into **Citizen's Band** last year, and may have already had their "big break," since they are now being promoted by Bose Sound Systems, for whom they played in Boston. But Greg Nolan is sure that the band would've become popular anyway. As he states, "Audiences really dig us and get into (the music). Once we get our foot in the door, they dig us. We just get into the club and wall. Clubs have gone fuckin' wild. It's . . . the vibes."

At the Rising Sun, the experiences of the band shines through in their tight

professionalism. They are also fortunate to have several writers in the group, because their original compositions come across much better than the retreads of other artists. One tune, **Reflexions of a Mid-town Rush**, was especially interesting. The rhythm section is truly "funky", chugging furiously along, and the synthesizer, played by Chuck Eller, makes excellent use of the variations of sound possible on a Moog. Guitar and saxophone variations on the melody line were inventive and crisp, and the bass line was solid, but not monotonous.

The band also recreated "Masquerade", à la George Benson, with Jerry Levine playing good guitar and singing good scat. But the band rarely uses vocals. Nolan considers vocals to be "something we put on the (promotion) tapes to sell them to the club owners." But vocals could make a very important contribution to the group, and Levine has a good voice to exploit.

So try to catch **Citizen's Band** the next time they come to Montreal, or anytime you happen to be in Vermont. (What's Vermont?)

★★★★★

Pancho's, 1442 Bleury St. Pancho's is a Mexican discotheque, decorated in a day-glo Aztec motif. The club which seats about 100, usually features rock-jazz bands. Although advertised as a disco, Pancho's has no visible place to dance, but no-one ever seems to want to. There is a Mexican restaurant on the third floor and a bar on the first floor; music on the second. Cover charge is \$2; beer is a dollar. The music may filter well through the ceiling and floor, but is nearly intolerably loud in the band room.

★★★★★

Casanous, 485 Sherbrooke W., on the corner of Sherbrooke and Aylmer. Billed as "La Plus Chaud Maison de Musique en Ville," **Casanous** features only Québécois music, usually folk singers. There are shows at 10 p.m. on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, and poetry readings (in Québécois) at 11:30, Wednesdays.

Even without understanding much of what is being said, one can become enthusiastic about what goes on in the club. The audience actively participates with the performer, who is not separated by a stage, but set off in a corner near the tables. People yell and

whoop and laugh and joke. They applauded wildly when Paul Piché, the performer of the night killed a fly crawling up the wall; they clapped and whistled when he took off his sweat-shirt. The performer is not playing to the audience; he is playing with them. Good songs are exuberantly appreciated.

Piché was very good, singing his own compositions in a strong raw voice, accompanied only by vibrant attacks on a six-string guitar. The songs, sometimes witty and cynical, sometimes tender, could only be fully appreciated by one who understands Québécois, but even with my limited knowledge of the language, I enjoyed them. One song dealt with "les photos de Brigitte Bardot"; the verses of another could be (very) roughly translated as: "My mother is in prison/My father (drives/was run over by) a truck/My sister is in prison too, I guess we're just a bunch of pigs." But speculating on the lyrics can be almost as much fun as understanding them.

The club itself is basically a large room with yellow walls, which seats about seventy people around tables with orange tablecloths. Admission to the show is \$1; beers cost 75c. There is a bar downstairs.

Casanous has operated under its present management for six years. Although the club generally features folk music, the performers are not always, though usually, from Quebec. In the past, however, acts from Brittany and Ireland have performed at **Casanous**. But as the manager-piano-player says, "There are not a lot of places to listen to folk music in French. When you sing in English, there are a thousand places; but in French, not a lot."

Piché, who has been singing for four years, added, "Most (of the French clubs) are very commercial in Old Montreal. You can't just sing; you have to make people drink a lot. They might as well have jukeboxes." Both agree that there is no circuit for Québécois singers outside Quebec, in any part of Canada or the United States.

. . . And as we were leaving, the building was trembling with the foot-stomping of the audience, whom Piché had enlisted to augment the rhythm of his guitar . . .

Coming at **Casanous**:
October 7,8,9: Paul et Paul
October 14,15,16: Guy St. George
October 21,22,23: Robert Paquette.

—Chris Pomiecko



McGill Hellenic Association

General Meeting

All the Greek students of McGill University are kindly requested to be present at the first General Meeting of our Association at 3480 McTavish Street (University Centre), Room 307, at 6 p.m. on Thursday, October 7th.

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Place: McGill University, Leacock 820
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The Hon. Herb Gray

— M.P. Windsor West
— Former Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs

Petrodollar Trade and Investment: Threat to Canadian Civil Rights?

Date: Wednesday, Oct. 6th at 8:00 p.m.
Place: McGill University, Leacock 26
Admission: Free

Info: 845-9171
Student Committee for Information on The Middle East

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If you are interested and would like further details, please contact:

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Monkeyshines ...



If you happened to be a pigeon in Toronto — not an entirely bad prospect, lucrative jobs being so hard to come by — winging your way around the city's fleshpots one particular August afternoon, you would have witnessed a drama certain to congeal your blood to ice. Slung perilously low, the Dufferin Street bus barrelled towards the Lake Ontario harbourfront at a miasmic velocity far superior to several brands of library paste.

Now if you're the curious pigeon you're cracked up to be, possessing Svengali's gimlet eyes and the determination not to take guano from anybody, you would have swooped down for a closer look.

Silly bird, you wouldn't have gotten a beakbreath away from the bus without having your tender gizzard slit by a flying stiletto flung from the window by tiny, albeit unerring hands; or your ticker pierced by a dart dipped in home-brewed curare, sent from a mailing tube and propelled by a set of formative lungs.

You see, late feathered pal o' mine, the bus was filled with children.

We were off to the Canadian National Exhibition, the "Ex" as it's known in Hogtown. The municipal bus, smelling of unlaundered galley slaves, was crammed bow to stern with exuberant, steaming kiddies and pitifully few adults.



Whispering puckishly, the youngest of the children traded expletives that would have singed a longshoreman's tympanum (not to mention his sensibilities). Meanwhile, their adolescent confrères, fresh from the city's pawnshops where their family's silver and Spode china now lay in hock, compared bankrolls destined to be frittered away on the Ex's vertigo-inducing rides, arcade attractions and Lucullan delicacies in the Foods of the World building.

"In two years' time, 1978, the Canadian National Exhibition will be 100 years old, and are we going to have a party!" I read from the CNE Today bulletin, oblivious to the eight-year-old thugs who made their way around the

bus stealing kneecaps. Apparently, the CNE is the world's largest annual exposition (running from August 18 to Labour Day) and is housed in permanent buildings. Judging from the leaflet's rodomontade the Ex is a pastiche of county fair, international exhibition, entertainment showcase, competition bonanza and bacchanalian orgy.

The bus finally edged up to the Dufferin Gates. Before alighting I inquired solicitously of the driver's health, slipping his seeing-eye German Shepherd a doggie biscuit I keep for such occasions.

The Dufferin Gates along with the Prince's Gates on the east side are the site's two main entrances. The Prince's Gates are far more elaborate with alabaster columns and a heralding angel equipped with celestial-issue wings and trumpet. The effect, especially when the gates are illuminated at night, is pure Disney.



Admission to the fair has been simplified over the years. I slapped my two bucks down on the counter, supplied the cashier with the name of my insurance company and two next of kin, submitted my cerebrum for a brain-scan and my veins for a complete blood work-up, and was then unleashed to revel in pleasures untold.

Once inside the grounds one of the sights I was assaulted with, aside from children with stuffed animals or parents in two, was the cars. Peppered the Ex were twenty or so Monte Carlo Coupes resting on mammoth wooden slabs inclined at 45-degree angles. Right beneath the chariots, in the attic-like space formed by the inclines, stood teenagers armed with bullhorns hawking raffle tickets.

But we're only scratching the surface of the competition cornucopia. On display, right next to the bandshell, was a \$150,000 furnished home: first prize in the CNE lottery. There was also a gamut of photo contests, frisbee competitions, snooker championships and all manner of animal shows including beauty contests.

Bobby Gimpy, "Pied Piper of Canada" (or, better still, Ca-na-da),

emceed the Miss CNE — Sweetheart of the Fairs pageant (sponsored by Sweetheart Soap, if you have the temerity to ask!) which featured nymphs from 95 of Ontario's Agricultural Societies.

Of course, the crescendo of crescendos at the Ex for the past twenty-one summers has been the selection of the Ontario Dairy Princess.



This year the coveted tiara (diamonds set in cream cheese?) went to Betty Jenkins of Belmont, Ontario. The 24-year-old Princess became a full-time employee of the Ontario Milk Marketing Board in addition to receiving prizes befitting her station: a silver tea service, a colour TV, a trip to Britain and a purebred Ayrshire cow.

The first building I entered was an ashram dedicated to arts, crafts and hobbies. On display were some of Canada's finest craftspeople and their work: embroidery, kites, candles, rugs, Ukrainian painted eggs, stained glass, tanned leather — a list bounded only by the seemingly endless rows of stalls which snaked around the main hall of this capacious building.

A woman chipped away at a 150-pound shapeless hunk of driftwood. Title of the piece: Jonathan Livingston Seagull. I was especially pleased to see large groups of elderly gentlemen wantonly engaging in philately and numismatics in full view of the throng.

Within spitting distance of the Crafts Building was the Carlsberg Pavilion with its green and gold dome. Dirndl-clad milkmaids invited the visitor to soak up the atmosphere on the reconstructed European street and the pilsener lager in the beer garden.



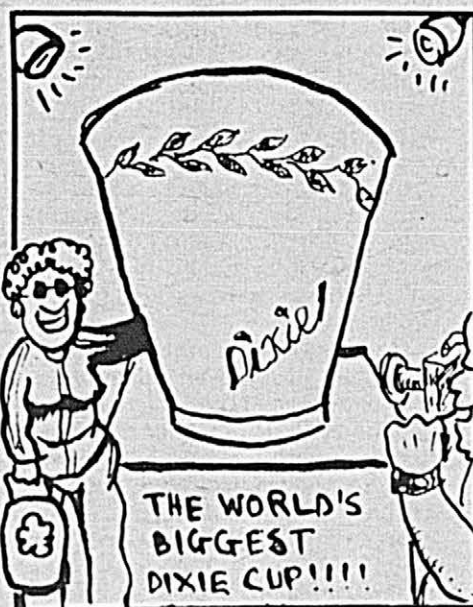


It must have been little old lady day in the Horticultural Building. Milling about the flowers and shrubs were hundreds of angelic women, each one somebody's granny, clutching a baby-blue slip of paper with lavender printing. It was the entry form for the Flowers 'N Song contest, an affair which involved matching 17 songs to their appropriate floral displays for a \$15 gift certificate. I managed to find *Where the Shy Little Flowers Grow* along with a few others, but had to cheat with the rest by peeking over the shoulders of several cherubic contest sharks.

Later, I was held spellbound by a demonstration of a revolutionary new compost fermenter and was almost cozened into buying *Plant Music* by the Baroque Bouquet (at \$2.99 marked down from \$5.99, it was hard to resist).

Belie the fact that the Food Building offered an array of provender sure to make an Alka-Seltzer executive squeal with delight; abate your salivations and gastric rumblings at the sight of sweetmeats and vegetables parboiled, braised or fricasseed into delicious submission by international short-order cooks. Save your wonder for the cynosure of the Food Building: The World's Biggest Dixie Cup. Food, like

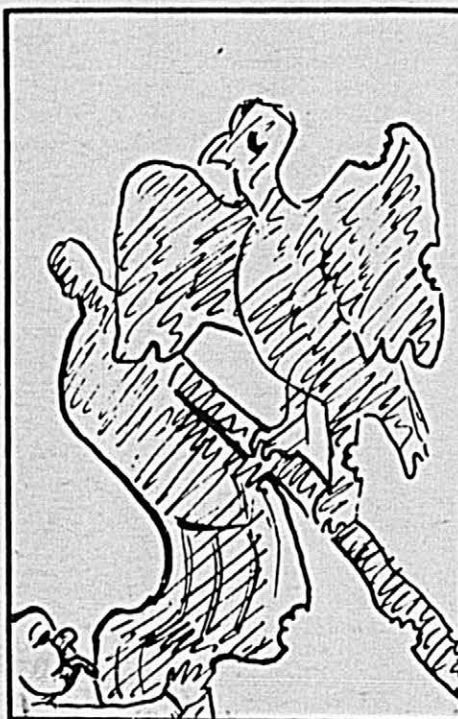
beer, is only rented but this gargantuan wax-coated vessel endures. Measuring six feet in height and four across it struck me as a suitable basket for Montgolfier's aeronautical balloon experiments.



An accomplishment of similar magnitude could be found in the Southern States exhibit which, incidentally, was housed in a pure white

... at the Ex

one-floor geodesic dome. Ducking occasionally to avoid being hit by a fatal "y'all come see us now, hear?" I examined a multicolour tableau featuring the American eagle posing with Old Glory and suitable appurtenances. Nothing unusual about this except that the frieze was molded from 400 pounds of solid chocolate and was whipped together in 300 hours by Alfred Leitch, head pastry chef at the Toronto Airport Holiday Inn.



Not ones to be outdone, we Canadians boasted lifesize statues of wildlife (beavers, et al) sculpted exclusively in polyunsaturated butter and exhibited in refrigerated showcases at the Shopper's Market.

The Southern States pavilion exuded a comfortable comfortable atmosphere with reassuring bales of cotton and promotional literature stacked to the rafters. One young lovely in the latest beehive-do handed out picture postcards depicting George Wallace in a valiant attempt at a smile, another bubbled about Georgia in the summertime. An aging southerner defended his right to wear three-inch heels on his shoes while another sighed blissfully as he described Mississippi in the summertime.

The Ex's navel, located at the corner of Ontario Drive and Prince Edward Island Crescent, is the Better Living Centre. Think of it as a huge showroom stocked with displays of the latest in furniture, appliances, electric organs, encyclopaediae, handy hints 'n timely tips and complicated with dozens upon dozens of well-oiled salesmen sliding over one another.

By this time I had done quite a bit of walking so I sat myself down in a Vibro-Massage Baca-Comfee easychair to sort through my impressions which I keep in a paper bag in my back pocket. I had just completed arranging them in alphabetical order when out of the corner of my eye I descried a hand with sculpted cuticles reach over to the chair, pick an infinitesimal speck of ash from the backrest, place it on the other wrist's cuff and then flick it off ceremoniously. I looked up at the salesman.

"Jim dandy chair, eh? Pure Nyagahyde."



"Ah yup," I replied, "Very comfortable." He reached over to the armrest and turned a switch. The chair began to vibrate. Immediately I made some scintillating additions to my repertoire of muscle spasms and body tics. I sensed the backrest heating up.

"You've got 1500 volts going through this baby every second," the salesman yammered nineteen to the dozen. The floodgates were open and the meringue flowed freely. "We're a very popular company," he crooned avuncularly. "We even supply a few prisons —"

I fled from the Better Living Centre not bothering to catch *The Planned Leftover* which was showing at the A & P Kitchen Theatre. Nearly knocking over a quartet of marauding barbershop singers I dashed past Fifi the clown, Louie the monkey and the hissing Dice-O-Matic salesman. I zipped through the Midway with its 72 rides and 200 games of chance and a din fierce enough to pierce your earlobes.

"Hold it!" I yelled at the top of my lungs to the bus which was pulling away. The vehicle stopped and I arrived hyperventilating at the door. The driver was the same. "You're a godsend!" I puffed thankfully. He smiled, a little modest smile, shut the door in my face and drove off.

Joe Rubin



Shakespeare in the New World

With summer most definitely over, and the 1976-77 theatre season in Montreal about to commence, it might be interesting to take a look at the state of theatre elsewhere in the nation. The disappointing calibre of production in the city last season led this writer to seek satisfaction at the Stratford Theatre Festival.

For those unfamiliar with it, Stratford has been the home of a theatre company, whose achievements Clive Barnes of the New York Times ranks alongside those of two British companies, the Royal Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon and the National Theatre School of Britain. Since July 13, 1953, when Sir Alec Guinness played the lead role of Richard III, the Stratford Shakespearean Festival has annually thrilled thousands of visitors. It has grown from a six week run of two productions and an audience of 68,000, to a five month run of eleven productions (plus numerous concerts with the likes of Anne Murray and Oscar Peterson), attracting an estimated audience of close to 3,000,000 spectators this year.

The Festival has come a long way from its inauspicious beginnings in the tent theatre, and now consists of three permanent stages: the main Festival theatre with a unique thrust stage that is reminiscent of Shakespeare's theatre-in-the-round; the Avon Theatre, completely refurbished from an old cinema; and the Third Stage which this year is being used for studio work on

scripts-in-progress. Over the past 23 years, Stratford has been the training ground for several Canadian stars, including William Shatner, Kate Reid, Christopher Plummer and Donald Sutherland.

Under the artistic direction of Robin Phillips who, at the age of thirty-one, was given the reins of Canada's most prestigious classical theatre two years ago, Stratford has taken on a refreshingly modern and daring approach. Phillips formed the Young Company, chosen from Festival regulars and actors auditioned across Canada, into an energetic troupe of actors and actresses who were "young in spirit". Some may remember when the Company toured Montreal with its frolicking musical-western version of *Comedy of Errors* in March 1975.

Making its home in the Avon Theatre, the Young Company this year presented among its five productions an innovative performance of *Hamlet*, where the title role was played on alternate nights by Richard Monette and Nicholas Pennel, while Gertrude was performed by Pat Bentley-Fisher and Pat Galloway. For those who chose to "endure" *Hamlet* twice, it was definitely worthwhile. Incidentally, Montrealers had the opportunity to see the twin *Hamlets* when the show toured Montreal.

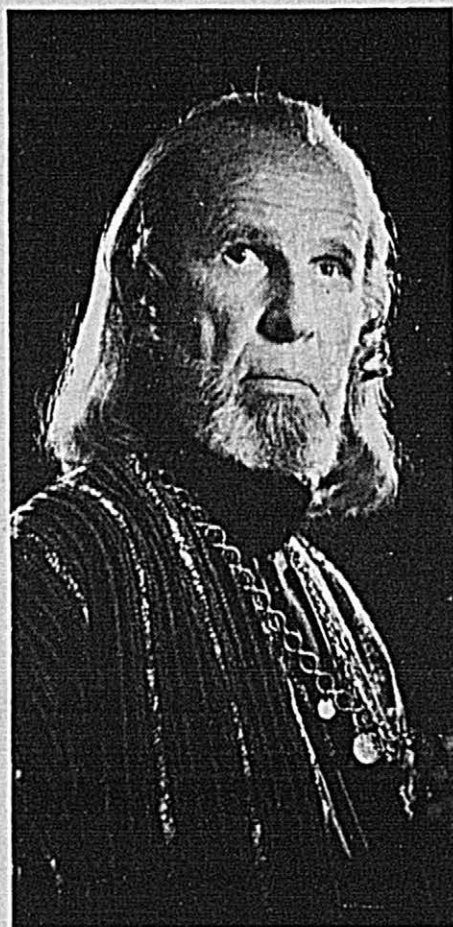
This year's fare at the Stratford Festival included a total of eleven plays by Shakespeare, Chekhov, Wilde, and Congreve, and a new Canadian play,

Eve by Larry Fineberg. Overall, the productions achieved a highly superior standard of technical and artistic achievement that is rarely found in Montreal. Featured this year was the talented Maggie Smith in several roles including the female lead in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The success of the Festival can be linked to the strong leadership of Phillips. It is therefore good news that he has been recently rehired for the next

five years as artistic director. His ambitious plans for a television studio to make educational and commercial films, as well as continuing in his words "to provide firsts, new ideas in all departments... new brochures, new posters, new programmes, new ways, new means, new looks, new talent... new thought" augurs well for the future of theatre in Stratford.

—Leor Margulies



Mahoney's last... Bland

Mahoney's Last Stand
director: Alexis Kanner
starring: Alexis Kanner
with:

Sam Waterston
Maude Adams
Diana Leblanc
music by:
Ron Lane
Ron Wood
Pete Townshend

When a film stages its world premiere at the Côte des Neiges cinema in Montreal (Canada), and when the majority of its promotion is handled by that childish rock gossip station, CHOM-FM, then one cannot help but be suspicious of its quality. Although the evening had such cultural characteristics as fans restrained by grunting policemen, and pre-screening wine for the privileged and fashionable few, there was a striking lack of artistic presence and pomp. While CHOM had promised the appearance of Mick Jagger, Pete Townshend, Ronnie Lane and others, merely an intoxicated Ron Wood turned up with some cockney dribble.

The perpetrators of Montreal's lukewarm decadence guffawed in French throughout the film, smashed glasses and consumed so much wine that they could only afford Alex Kanner, director and lead player, a lethargic hand patter, and could only laugh at the dirty bits. The fact that almost every

artist involved in *Mahoney's Last Stand* sent only well-wishing telegrams and did not appear in person seems to indicate a further lack of interest in both the city and the film. Speaking of which...

Mahoney's Last Stand is not an innovative work. Although the photography is efficient and panoramic, there is little that is adventurous. Similarly, although a wide variety of the idiosyncrasies of neurotics, drunks and dusty townfolk keep us laughing and impressed, we feel a distinct sense of déjà-vu, as if this were a hodge-podge of sequences from other movies, already known to be successful, or even profound.

Mahoney is just another of those attractive, stoney eyed characters with an unknown past. We've already encountered his reticence and annoying (but meaningful) gaze in *Swept Away*, *Tommy*, and *O Lucky Man*, and his unshaven earthiness is reminiscent of Norman Jewison's *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

There are a few scenes which seem to cry out, "Pay attention, this is religious symbolism," but because this would be

incongruous with the trivial nature of the film, it is far more likely that Kanner wants us to ponder over dichotomies that do not even exist. "What does it all mean?" Unfortunately, *Mahoney's Last Stand* leaves one with barely a thread of emotion. On the scratchy soundtrack, interrupted by Pete Townshend's electronic gratings, Ronnie Lane moons, "For one brief moment I came across myself", but he is not awfully convincing.

Sam Waterston, best known for his eminent performance in Jack Clayton's *The Great Gatsby*, reveals that, although surprisingly versatile, he is too self-conscious to be a comedian. Maude Adams plays a dreadfully clichéd semi-seductive girlie (few wits, much bosom) who makes inevitable love to Mahoney with embarrassing freedom in the straw scene. To be fair, however, one should definitely acknowledge Diane Leblanc's touching performance as a neurotic and Kanner's strong sense of humour. Charlie Chaplin reportedly claims that Kanner's is "A truly remarkable performance." This is an exaggeration, but certainly not a lie.

—Daniel Mann

Lévesque...

continued from page 1

along with Maureen".

In regards to Trudeau's policy of bilingualism, Lévesque commented that the government's hopes were, "a con job on Canada and a con job on Quebec". "To get rid of Trudeau and his language policy" would be amongst the first priorities in an independent Quebec under Lévesque.

Although the spectre of separatism looms threateningly in the minds of many anglophone Quebecers, Lévesque feels that the rest of the country will readily accept Quebec's bid to "opt out" of Confederation. As far as Lévesque is concerned, the "writing is on the wall".

Responding to questions from the Sir George audience, Lévesque cautiously maintained that an independent Quebec under a PQ government would not impose the French language on the country's English-speaking population, but he also made it quite clear that French would be the country's first language.

Replying to one question that the Soviet Union was among the contributors to the coffers of the Parti Québécois, Lévesque said that he "wasn't sure, but I was told that Mao left us a legacy".

Tenants...

continued from page 1

The result of Whitehouse's allegations, according to the tenants' representative, has been "fear and insecurity" on the part of the present residents of Benny Farm.

The Tenants' Association also fears rumoured CMHC plans to demolish their homes to make way for high-rise development. Klaas Bylsma, organizer for the NDG Tenants' Association, pointed out that the Benny Farm tenants still have the right to appeal any eviction to the Rental Board, even though the property is federally owned.

Bylsma has organized courses on tenants' rights and has just produced a manual for tenant organizers.

Montreal Citizens' Movement Councillor Arnold Bennett suggested that the Benny Farm group support the mobilization in NDG to demand construction of more subsidized housing, particularly for senior citizens.

NDG has 5,000 senior citizens living on less than \$2,000 a year, and only 103 municipally subsidized apartments, with no vacancies.

Illich...

continued from page 1

ago, it was impossible to speak of bodily pain as being separate from spiritual pain. He distinguished suffering from pain by defining it as being the "transformation of pain into experience."



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The Weekly

THE BILLY COBHAM

GEORGE DUKE BAND



Plateau Hall will, on Tuesday October 12, introduce Montreal to the most significant jazz-rock event of the year: the collaboration of drummer Billy Cobham and pianist George Duke to form a band which many hope will raise this new musical genre from its recent creative slump.

The year 1969 marked the synthesis of rock's driving rhythms and electronic gadgetry with the complexity and improvisational prowess of jazz, which is sparking such a commotion that neither jazz nor rock have been quite the same since. At the time jazz was a floundering, esoteric media that had lost most of its young audience to rock because rock gave them something with which to identify. Most jazz musicians had been snubbing rock because of its relative simplicity and commerciality. Yet, because of rock, music had become one of the world's most popular entertainment media, outgrossing everything except perhaps television.

It took the perception of Miles Davis to see what elements rock contained which made it so communicable. His "Bitches Brew" album incorporated these elements; the rest of the jazz world was stunned and the critics raved. Listeners who were looking for something beyond rock, were flocking to find out more about this phenomenon called jazz-rock. Because of this reaction, bands like the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Chick Corea's Return to Forever, Weather Report, and Herbie Hancock (whose Headhunter's L.P. was the first jazz album to turn gold) were coming out of the woodwork. Not surprising either, is the fact that each of these bands contained ex-Miles Davis personnel.

However, even though this media flourished and is still successful, there seems to have been a slow-down in the creativity that exploded with the first bands. Perhaps this is because the genre is no longer new and many of the original jazz-rock bands are becoming formulized following their commercial successes. The newly formed Billy Cobham-George Duke band has the ability to remedy this situation.

Billy Cobham is without equal in the field of rock-funk-jazz drumming. This is not surprising for he practically

invented this style. He was a member of the Miles Davis group when they recorded "Bitches Brew" and went on to become a member of the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Cobham has also been successful in his solo career, having made six albums for which he did most of the writing and arranging. To write as well as he does is quite rare for a drummer. Going solo has provided a showcase for his talent. His incredible ability to syncopate and develop his solid, driving rhythms almost gives one the impression that he is playing a melodic instrument. His single stroke rolls are noted to be one of the fastest, strongest, and smoothest in the business.

These talents, plus his excellence in both traditional jazz forms and studio work with people such as Freddie Hubbard to Hubert Laws, has earned him the reputation as one of the best drummers in the world. His awards include Winner of Down Beat (3 times) and Playboy (2 times) Jazz Polls' drummer of the year.

George Duke is another musician who has been around with the founders of jazz-rock. Among the most notable is Frank Zappa who, although more on the rock end of the spectrum, had great influence on Duke's style. Although "Bitches Brew" is officially accepted as the first jazz-rock album, Zappa's "Hot Rats", recorded a year earlier, reveals much jazz influence.

George Duke has played with everybody from the late Cannonball Adderly to Dizzy Gillespie. His other credentials include an MA in music composition from San Francisco State

University and a teaching position, "Contemporary Improvisation and Jazz", at various schools. He has recorded albums of his own which spotlight his ability to write as well as play. His latest, "I Love the Blues, She Heard My Cry", displays his versatility. It is, as he said himself, "a complete departure from what I have done before. On the album I use a lot of the styles I've liked. I'm being honest. People who come to see me know that they won't hear just one style."

Rounding off the band is John Scofield on guitar and Alphonso Johnson on bass. John Scofield is a graduate of the Berkley School of Music and has played on three of Cobham's solo albums. Alphonso Johnson is an ex-member of Weather Report and is a recent addition, replacing Doug Rauch. Both are competent musicians, but will probably be so overshadowed by Cobham and Duke's talents that they could be easily overlooked.

The band is new and has not yet recorded an album. They will perform mainly Cobham and Duke's material from their previous albums. An added twist, will be the development of vocal harmony, something that Duke experimented with on his last album. They plan to build acoustic sections to the concerts rather than limiting themselves to high-volume electric sound. Ultimately, as George Duke summed up, "We're going to be doing music which, in the end, will be different from what's on my records and what's on Billy's records. We hope to create something completely different, something that will involve a lot of different styles coming together to make sense."

Lately both Cobham and Duke have been quite comfortable in solo careers. The switch from leading one's own band to being just a member often has disastrous effects. But with the amount of studio work they have both done, the possibility of this seems remote. If the Billy Cobham-George Duke band fulfills the potential they promise, their performance here could be one of the most exciting nights that jazz-rock has ever had in Montreal.

—Tim Pytko

Rockhead's... continued from page 3

part of the action. The transition, from bopping in your seat to dancing on the stage with the band, is an easy one to make. If you have any inclination to wiggle you won't be able to resist. Later, in a lower key, you have to settle for dancing to the juke box until the stars reappear and end the evening with a charge of enthusiasm and energy which follows you out the door.

If you hurry this week you can catch "The Variations of Love" from Buffalo, N.Y. at Rockhead's Paradise, 1252 Ste. Antoine (corner of Mountain St. parallel to and south of Dorchester), phone 861-2161 or 861-3243. 861-3243.

—Susan R. Benda

Kinflicks...

continued from page 3

credible situations. Alther has a very critical and ironic vision, which makes some of the novel strike the reader as hysterical, clichéd, or ridiculous.

The book's form helps the reader's understanding of the book's content. When she writes in the present, a time when Ginny has played all her roles and has flown to her mother's deathbed, Alther writes in the third person, distancing the reader and giving him the necessary detachment to critically examine the characters. This style alternates with Ginny's flashbacks on different parts of her life. Written in the first person, the "I" point of view gives conviction to the roles that she adopts. The reader can understand why Ginny from her own limited point of view adopts and rejects these roles. This is especially useful in understanding how anyone could find happiness in the role of housewife, always working and never appreciated, concerned with the trivial, a role which the Women's Movement has attacked viciously, but one that the author feels is valid for some.

So the reader is left at the end of the book with Ginny, alone, wondering, "Where do I go from here? It is a disquieting ending, because although Ginny has decided to be herself, she is still not really sure who she is. But who is?

This book is in the library under the coding: PS3551 K78J5x.

—Chris Pomlecko

Wanted

for interviewing: practicing artists who have worked under the influence of any of the following drugs: Alcohol, marijuana, hallucinogens, or speed. For an article concerning the effects of drugs on artwork. If possible, bring samples of artwork, for publication. No names. Interviews to be held by Chris Pomlecko in the Weekly office, at the Daily in the bottom of the Student Union, Thursday, October 7, at 4 pm.

Grant links genetic damage to pollutants

By Silvana V.M. Galli

There are approximately 2.5 million known chemical compounds currently available. Each year, about 10,000 new chemical compounds are added, 2,000 of which find some use and come into contact with the population. A number of these, pesticides, have been shown to have damaging genetic effects—chromosome breakage, gene mutations and reduced fertility.

Sigma XI, the Scientific Research Society of North America, opened its 1976-77 program with a lecture on the genetic effects of environmental chemicals last night at the Redpath Museum. Guest speaker and past president of the organization, Dr. William F. Grant, agrees that industrial society with its continuous new chemical compounds has significantly contributed to the high standard of living enjoyed. However, he adds, while one looks to "chemical solutions" for the world's afflictions, there is yet no government regulation requiring that chemicals be investigated for their genetic effects as there are for cancer and birth defects. Since genetic effects are less obvious, they may not become apparent for many years or even generations.

Mercury is used by various industries. It is absorbed into the air, soil and water through a food chain process, into man. The resulting effect can be mutations in the following

generation or later on up to the fortieth generations. Attacking the body cells, it can cause cancer or leukemia five to 50 years later. Common products such as hairspray and tuna contain mercury. A lethal dosage of mercury would be 1.4 parts per million; 0.4 to one part per million would cause such symptoms as fetal damage, while chromosome damage would occur at the lower level of 0.2. A repetitious diet such as that of a baby being breast fed, revealed that the child had 50 times as much DDT as its mother.

Since there is now no way of knowing how much of an intake of chemicals he or she is absorbing, it is felt that a varied diet is the best way to avoid an overaccumulation of a chemical in one's system.

There is a high incidence of cancer where there is a high level of nitrogen dioxide (from oil, coal, gas combustion, motor vehicle exhaust). Carbaryl, a crop residue combined with nitrite, a food additive, and the acidity from the stomach can cause cancer. The outer leaves of lettuce should be removed and thrown out as they usually contain a large amount of pesticides, which incidentally Dr. Grant believes are promoting evolution, since they are increasing resistance in plants to herbicides and insecticides. Due to high levels of certain chemicals there are occupational cancers. Such is

the case with the asbestos workers who contract pleural or peritoneal cancer after 15 to 20 years of exposure. The shale oil workers experience skin cancer, whereas the aniline dye and rubber industry sports cancer of the bladder. Uranium miners suffer from lung cancer, and woodworkers nasal sinusitis.

In many cases, there are dual uses for various chemicals. DES, diethylstilbestrol, is used in the United States on about 75 percent of the 30 million cattle. It was also administered to women during their pregnancies for the prevention of miscarriages and as a morning-after pill. Twenty years later, a rare type of cervical cancer has been found in a number of the daughters of these women. Since some male mice developed sterility problems, the male children of these women are being checked. Flagel, a chemical used against Trichomonas Vaginalis by about two million women in the U.S. causes cancer, mutation and birth defects. It has also been found that polyvinyl chloride can cause angiosarcoma of the liver, a very rare disease. This chemical is to be found in plastic storage bags, medical plastic devices, foods, etc.

It has been estimated that over 80 percent of cancers are caused by environmental chemicals. About seven percent of all human births contain some sort of chromosome aberration. Only rare cases of cancer have

attracted attention as to what possible chemical could have been the cause. Mutations can be detected by testing the urine of humans.

There are ways of combatting the problems we now face. Public pressure on the government and legislation enforcing the testing of chemicals are all

ways of receiving attention and obtaining action, according to Grant.

On October 26, at 8 pm, D. C., Truesdell will deliver a lecture on Euler, the Supreme Geometer in the Redpath Museum. Sigma XI welcomes students and other interested visitors to attend its lectures.

around campus

Gay McGill sets goals

By Stuart Russell

The first general meeting of Gay McGill is scheduled for 7:30 pm today in the Union Building (123-24).

Gay McGill was established three years ago by students and faculty concerned about having a visible gay presence on the campus. It is hoped that Gay McGill will establish a more solid base among McGill students than was the case previously.

Possible areas of concern this year might include the following:

- Providing support and acceptance for students in the process of "coming out", possibly by setting up a drop-in centre where gay students have an opportunity to talk in a friendly atmosphere. Books and periodicals could be available, as well as peer counselling and referrals.

- Combatting instances of gay oppression in the university.

- Serving as an educational resource providing people to speak on homosexuality and gay liberation at McGill.

- Participating in various campaigns for gay civil rights, on and off campus, including involvement in the Montreal Gay Coalition Against Repression and the National Gay Rights Coalition.

- Participation in the National Lesbian Conference in Ottawa Oct. 8-11.

- Bringing John Damien, the steward fired from the Ontario Racing Commission because he is a homosexual, to speak at McGill on his case.

All gay men and women associated with McGill are urged to attend the first general meeting, and share in the re-organization of this group.

today

New Literary Magazine:

Another organizational meeting for interested staffers in Morrice Hall rm 8 at 4 pm. Help is needed in all phases of production, so please feel free to come.

McGill Film Society:

The McGill Film Society will be sponsored by the Alpha Gamma Delta Women's Fraternity.

Michael Cooney Returns!:

Buy your tickets now before they run out. Only \$2.50 at the Union Box Office. For details, see ad elsewhere in today's Daily.

Motorcycle Club:

Meeting at 2 pm in rm 307 in the Student Union. Everyone is welcome. Happy riding.

ASUS budgets due:

Today is your last chance to submit a request for funding from the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society for 1976-77. Have requests in by 4 pm at the ASUS mailbox in the Student Union.

ASUS open meeting:

Arts and Science Undergraduate Society executive meeting at 7 pm in Union 307. Open to the public.

Fine Art Class:

Open to all McGill students. Morrice Hall No. 107, 6-8 pm. Material and model provided. Instructor: Ahmed Yar Khan.

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important problems such as who is going to pick up all the bagged money lying around in the offices. Anyone with experience in these matters please show up at 5 pm to rm 464 of Union.

McGill Ski Team '76:
Come train with us! Our first pre-season training session is

today at 5 pm in Molson Stadium. We'll be training every Mon, Wed, and Thurs thereafter. For more info. call Raoul or Janot 849-5542.

The McGill October 14 Committee:
Is holding its second meeting at 4 pm in the Student Union rm 107. Come and help us organize in support of the General Strike.

Gay McGill:
Come out to our first organizing meeting to discuss activities for the year. All gay men and lesbians associated with McGill welcome! 7:30 pm in Union 123-24. For more info: 937-8485.

Chess Club:
Sign up at Student Union Bldg. counter. Meeting TBA.

Mao Tse-tung Thought Study Group meeting:
Room 124 Student Union Building, 7:30 pm. Discussion of the Conference on "The Life and Work of Chairman Mao Tse-tung."

McGill Graduate Students' Associates:
You registered and you forgot to sign your name on our list? Here is your second chance. If you are a woman graduate student or the wife of a graduate

student, come to our meeting tonight. We are a club with an office, a lot of ideas and some money too; the only thing we want is people like you who think that your stay at McGill should be more than attending lectures or cooking supper. See us tonight at 8 pm in Thomson House (grad. centre).

McGill Outing Club Open Meeting:
Open meeting to discuss future trips and to hold elections for this year's House Director. Everyone welcome!! Student Union Ballroom—Third floor, 7:30 pm.

Tai-Chi:
Class 5 pm Union rm 307. Wear loose clothing.

McGill Players:
McGill Players is proud to announce the first in its series of lunchtime shows. The season is starting off with Jean Anouilh's "Episode in the Life of an Author"; a zany and hilarious comedy running today through Oct. 8. Don't miss it—lunchtime at 1 pm. Free Admission—Players' Theatre, 3rd floor Union.

Tennis Club:
Meeting in room 123 of the Union at 3:30 pm for all students who are interested in playing indoor tennis at reduced rates. Get involved, it's worth it!

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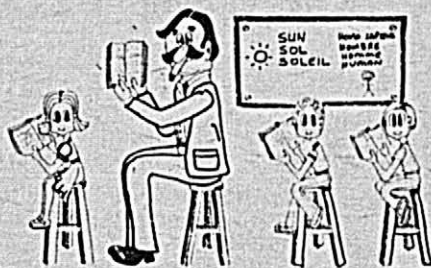
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Supertramp — Crime of the Century
Cat Stevens — Greatest Hits
Cat Stevens — Tea For the Tillerman
Murray Head — Say It Ain't So
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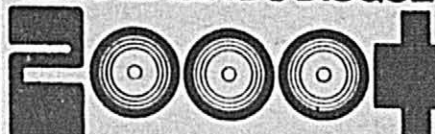
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